

THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND
PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND A MISCELLANY
OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."
"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

ST. IGNATIUS, OF LOYOLA.

NO. I.

It is a patent fact that as our country has advanced in what is termed physical science, it has lost its faith in spiritual revealings or supernatural power. There has been the tendency to look merely through the physical eyes at physical manifestations, and to ignore the internal spiritual sight, and all that is of the spirit spiritual. Hence philosophers have christened a conscious knowledge of hidden spiritual existences "Superstition," "intellectual aberration," and so on. Bowing to the universal yearning for a hereafter and the insubduable sense that God is, and that He is supreme, the world has put on the shield of Faith, but, alas! Doubt has entered the sanctuary, put in its claim, and the struggle of the soul with the flesh has been going on. Ever and anon the pages of history offer evidence that men have moved upon this tried earth in whose lives Faith has triumphed over doubt, and spiritual powers have been marvellously manifested. But in all cases temptations have risen in the way of Faith; they try the spirit, and test its worth. In this world there are so many exciting inducements to selfishness, and men generally are so weak in their own strength, that without some aid from above, some spirit-illumination, they fail to sustain true living-to-the-death faith in goodness and God. St. Ignatius was a peculiar example of this idea—he was both beautiful in person and possessed of means which enabled him to mix with the tenants of courts and the proudest nobles of his country. There was all the paraphernalia of pomp, the admiration of patricians, and the homage of plebeians attracting and distracting him, but God had evidently designed that the saint should look at those things as simple processes of spiritual education. They were his for sacrifice, not for life-clinging possession.

In the year 1491, Ignatius, the youngest of eight sons

and three daughters, first saw the light. His father, Don Bertram, was the representative of two of the greatest houses in Spain, they were called Oñez and Loyola. His mother, Dona Maria Saez de Balde, was of noble descent. Thus Ignatius had wealth and influence, but it was not his mission to value them. He came at a time when the horizon of Faith was somewhat dark; Luther and Calvin, but a few years his seniors, were preparing unconsciously for their great parts in the theological drama which was soon to be enacted. Only one year after the birth of Ignatius, Christopher Columbus, with the aid of Spanish vessels, discovered some new islands opposite to the coast of Florida, America. Vespuccia about the same time headed an expedition, and discovered the Cape of Good Hope. The news of the discovery of the New World had a magical effect on the minds of people, and at least taught them a lesson when it was remembered that Columbus had been pronounced "a madman," had consented to be laughed at, and yet in spite of all, had proved himself greater than all his detractors and scoffers. The times in which Ignatius appeared were pregnant with important facts to the historian. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, to prove their gratitude for the discoveries of Columbus and the Portuguese Vespuccia, which added not only vast territories but immense sources of wealth to their possessions, covered the inside of the roof of St. Mary Major, in Rome, with the first gold they obtained from their newly-discovered possessions.

Ignatius, as a child, is described as "full of cleverness and spirit;" as a man, his temperament was a mixture of impatience, pride, and fire—he felt himself born to rule, and eagerly gave tokens of his prowess. His hair was long and hung in easy grace upon his shoulders; his complexion was of an olive cast, and his mien full of majesty. The qualities of external beauty and imperiousness which gave him pre-eminence among Spanish nobles were the outgrowth of similar internal mental qualities. Whilst he was living to himself, and devoted to the simple development of his prominent mental and physical characteristics, he was the pride of his kin and the envied of his kind. But as he moves along, and the gentle but all-persuasive spirit-voices are heard in his soul, the great triumph of spirit over matter is to be accomplished in his person. The more beautiful his person, the more envied his position, and the more admired his deeds, whether on the field of battle or in the city; the more fierce the conflict of his inner spirit-life with his external physical one. Few men had so great a conflict to sustain as Ignatius before the saint could succeed the patrician soldier; he was the favourite of his king,



surrounded with every luxury his soul could desire, but his ardent heroic feelings could find no pleasure in ease. His brothers had distinguished themselves in military pursuits, he pined to display his courage in a similar way. Through the influence of his relative a Spanish grandee, Don Antonia Manricho, he was taught the use of arms, and was considered well accomplished, and proved himself a valiant worthy soldier in his country's service until his 29th year. During his life as a soldier he displayed some of the qualities which go to make up the character of a christian and a warrior. He moved amidst the licentious camp, but guarded his tongue against all oaths or indecent expletives; he was ready to resent an insult, but loved to make peace between opposing parties. He displayed a deep earnest love for holy themes and holy places. Afterwards, when the man of the world was subdued and Christ was his all, this fervent love of the sacred was developed into something more than mere sentiment. Ignatius, even whilst he was far off from being a true christian, delighted in exalted and refined pursuits; he never indulged in gambling and other debasing vices of the kind. For poetry he evinced taste, and gave promise of skill in poetic composition. Out of all his poetic productions only one, "St. Peter," was preserved. For drawing, too, it is recorded he had some taste, but all artistic pursuits had really small pleasure for him. There was the bitter cup of remorse at his lips, the grievous strife of his soul with sin.

An insurrection broke out in Castile; the French threatened the invasion of Pampeluna, a town near the castle of Loyola, on the frontiers of Spain. Ignatius was delegated by his relative, who was Viceroy of Navarre, to encourage the soldiers and assist an older officer in command to defend the town whilst he himself went for assistance from Castile. A terrible *melee* ensued, the French demanded what Ignatius deemed servile terms, he would not submit but fought with a fierce courage rarely equalled. It was then that a calamity overcame him which probably had the effect of starting him on the career which distinguished him as a saint. A cannon ball from the enemy wounded his left leg and broke his right leg. With the fall of Ignatius fell the hopes of his comrades—Pampeluna was surrendered. Ignatius was carried by the French to their camp, treated with great kindness, and after a little while allowed his liberty. He was carried to Loyola, and in a marked manner honoured even by those who had, before the calamity which befell him, evinced themselves hard to treat with.

At the time when Luther appeared at the celebrated Diet of Worms, Ignatius was suffering intense physical pain with his legs—the one that was broken, by some unfortuitous circumstance was bunglingly set, and had to be forcibly broken again—the protracted sufferings endured by him were such as almost to wear him out. He became so weak that his medical attendants pronounced his speedy demise certain. His friends mournfully awaited his expected death; on the eve of St. Peter and Paul the last sacrament was administered to him. But the marvellous miracle of spirit-aid was about to operate—the soldier was to be sunk in the saint—the world was to lose the beautiful, spirited, refined noble, but under a transformation of character he was still to live. We learn that the subject of the young poet's poem—the Apostle Peter—presented himself beside the dying man's couch, and touched him, and he was miraculously and instantaneously restored. All pain was gone from the leg, sickness was abstracted from the body, and Ignatius arose like a new man.

We perceive still in this Spanish patrician, although his strong will had been subdued by sickness and the marvel of bodily relief had been given him by spirit-aid, that he held firm hold of his ancient pride; his leg which had been twice broken was deformed, and a bone protruded under the knee. This was a sad defect to him, it marred the perfection of his form; he could not bear to know that his deformity would be observed, so he resolved to have the bone sawed off. He underwent the excruciating process with a Spartan courage; there was no outward evidences of the inward pain of the operation; neither in his manner nor his features could be perceived the signs of what he suffered, or if any the faintest shadow crossed his face for a moment and was gone for ever. Another disappointment and more pain were in store for him—his leg was discovered to be shorter in consequence of the shrinking of some sinews. This was a terrible mortification of his vanity, and to remedy this he submitted to have his leg stretched in some machinery used for such purposes. For days he allowed himself to be tortured, bearing the torture with an immovable patience, but his vanity was not to be gratified—his leg remained shortened.

Eager to find excitement whilst he was suffering with his leg, he asked for some Spanish stories, but his attendants could not find any, they therefore brought him a "Life of Christ," and some lives of saints. He read these merely to make a virtue of necessity, having no choice, but this was perhaps a divine ordination; he grew to love the works he read; he read them often, and ever seemed to return to them with delight. His thoughts more than ever dwelt on holy themes; he prayed much, and vowed to devote himself to a future pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Whilst he was thus growing prayerful and repentant he was made conscious a second time of a spiritual manifestation. It was his habit night after night to rise from his couch and prostrate himself before an image of the Virgin Mary which was in the apartment. On one occasion whilst he was prostrate before the image, a deafening and awful sound was heard, "the palace of Loyola was shaken to its foundations, the windows of the room in which he knelt were broken and the wall was rent." Here it appears to us the disapprobation of the Almighty was thus made known. Ignatius was performing an act of image worship, he bowed the knee to an idol of stone instead of worshipping only God the Spirit, in spirit and in truth.

A little later on we find this suffering repentant and Faith-attaining man, in the midst of much temptation and trial, surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere, in which the Virgin Mary, holding Jesus in her arms, appeared to him. Here he found soul-satisfaction, and was enabled to look upon the illumination with joy. Whilst he gazed upon that scene he was lost entirely to earth and the things appertaining thereto. The scene presented to him had ethereal charms, there was nothing of a low, selfish, sinful character, nothing to affright or make discord in the heart; on the contrary, all was peace, beauty, spiritual glory, and love. Ignatius rose from his couch a changed man; he was no longer the proud-spirited Ignatius of the camp, he had been spiritually preserved for holy purposes; his old caste and aspirations fell away, and he went forth to crucify his flesh that his soul, as he believed, might thereby prove an acceptable boon to God. We pass over the urgent solicitations of his brothers and friends for him to return to his former life, and we follow him on the way of his pilgrimage. Riding along the road to Montserrat he fell in with a Moor, who in conversation blasphemed about the Virgin Mary; Ignatius was excited, something of his former nature returned to him, he resolved to pursue the Moor, arguing in his mind whether or not it would not be serving his master by taking the life of such a wicked man. Losing the direction the Moor had taken, Ignatius let the rein fall loose on his horse's neck, and allowed it to take the direction it pleased. The horse led its rider to a monastery, and he perceived the will of Heaven opposed to him taking vengeance on the Moor.

We cannot go with the saint and sanction to our own reason all his abandonment of material comforts and necessary aids. It seems to us wicked to submit the body to unnecessary torture, and to refuse the temperate use of the world's fruits, but Ignatius was imbued with different ideas to us—he had made a vow of perpetual chastity, and went forth, being rich yet choosing poverty—being surrounded with friends and admiring multitudes yet choosing a solitary, lonely pilgrimage. We cannot, however, fairly weigh the character of this man without we can realize fully the divine instrumentalities at work in his career. Our object is to afford our readers proof that spiritual agencies have been made marvellously manifest in his life.

At the monastery of Montserrat, Ignatius having brought sandals, a wallet, a canvass bag, and a pilgrim's staff, resolves to commence his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He must now dispossess himself of his rich apparel, and externally assume the garb of a contrite pilgrim. He carries with him his simple pilgrim's garb, and meeting a poor man, undresses and presents him with his fine costly apparel; he then dons the pilgrim's sackcloth, and returns to the monastery. Whole hours are past in prayer, until multitudes approach to celebrate the Feast of Annunciation, then it is, fearing to be observed, that the saint, bare-headed, with staff in hand, starts on his pilgrimage. On his way some few leagues he is overtaken by an officer of justice, who informs him that a poor man has that morning been imprisoned for being found with some rich garments similar to those worn by Spanish nobles, and that the man had protested that the garments were presented to him by a stranger who had dispossessed himself of them to replace them by a pilgrim's dress. Ignatius shed tears as he confessed to the officer that the poor man's story was true. There were signs in the saint's soft hair and in the glance of his speechful eye which betrayed his origin to the officer, but all questioning was vain, Ignatius would not tell who he was, and went on his way to pay penance with prayer and fasting, long suffering for the sins of the past in order that he might be fitted to save souls.

Apart from all idea of extravagant austere rule which, to our thinking, involves sacrifice and suffering uncalled for, there is in the self-abandonment of body and soul the ever-present yearning after holy thoughts, and the continual willingness to prove the oneness of his faith—there is in all these, elements of christian principles which force us to honour not the excesses but the desires of the saint. We should not overlook the fact that Ignatius was born at a time when the Roman Catholic Church was considered purely sacred. It is true Luther, Calvin, and others had begun their work, and the stream of Protestantism was expanding; yet this son of Loyola had not been modelled from the mould of Luther or Calvin's creed. He was cradled in the faith of his fathers, and when "The lives of the Saints" was in his hand his faith was stimulated after the manner of the saints.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life.

A SIGNIFICANT VISION.

The following description of a remarkable prophetic vision and its literal verification, is from the pen of the able and esteemed Editor of the *Agitator*, published at Wellsborough, Pa. (U.S.A.)

In January, 1852, my wife being in indifferent health, went on a visit to her mother in a neighbouring village. She took with her our only child, a little girl of sixteen months, while I remained at home, business detaining me. She was absent nearly two weeks, during which time I occupied the house alone. One night, some three or four days after her departure, I sat up till midnight, busily engaged in writing. My sleeping room was a chamber at the head of the stairs, the door of which was usually left ajar. This night I retired somewhat fatigued with prolonged mental labour, yet without inclination to sleep. I had been in bed but a few moments, when I experienced a singular sensation, in effect something like a warning fever chill, yet without chilliness. It was as if something had touched every nerve of my body and brain, causing a quick but painless vibration. Life seemed to withdraw from the body and to concentrate in the brain. I slept yet did not sleep; for sight and hearing became pleurably acute. I seemed to be in the world and out of the world, inert, yet active. I do not remember that I felt the least fear or surprise at these sensations. "If it be death," I reasoned, "it is a pleasant thing to die."

My attention was attracted soon after by the sound of footsteps upon the stairs. This I thought strange, since no living soul beside myself occupied the house, and the doors were locked. The bed faced the open door at the head of the stairs. It was a dark night, yet I distinctly saw a person standing at the room door and another person ascending the stairs. They bore some object in their hands and entered my room.

Fear slept, curiosity usurped its place, and I watched their movements narrowly. They approached the bed noiselessly, but not stealthily, and placing two chairs one at the head, and one at the bottom of the bedside, placed thereon a coffin (adult size), and, beside that another of much less dimensions. Curiosity still held the rein, and I beheld the scene without other emotion. The bearers placed themselves one at the head and one at the foot of the bed. The former wore a dark veil falling from the top of the head to about the waist, perfectly hiding the face. The one at the foot seemed wrapt in a dim haze, dusky yet not gloomy.

At last I asked, "What does this mean?" There was no reply. I repeated the question. At this the veiled figure pointed to the larger coffin, and said, "Your wife!" and then pointing to the smaller, "Your child!"

The words went to my heart like bolts of ice; and arousing all my energies, I sprang to my feet, dripping with cold perspiration. The paraphernalia of death—the mysterious visitors—all were gone. The scene itself was ever present daguerreotyped ineffaceably upon my soul.

I sought to account for this visitation by hunting a superinducing cause. I returned empty-handed. I could not remember that even a shadow of suspicion that death was about to gather my loved ones into the heavenly fold, had ever crossed my mind. My wife was not in good health; but this was referable to a close, home life, barren of that exercise which imparts vigour to the debilitated frame. I had grieved for it, not that I feared a fatal result, but that the capacity for enjoyment of life was thereby diminished. Reason as I would, the presence was ever with me. I feared ridicule, and confided in no one; but kept the secret locked in my heart of hearts.

In ten days my wife returned. In two days more she fell violently ill, and for several weeks lay at death's door. She partially recovered, however, and lingered till the 12th of May following, when she departed. The prophecy was being fulfilled. I sat down hopeless and despairing, shunning the face of man.

Before I had recovered from this terrible shock, my little one fell ill, and died on the 25th of August—a little more than three months after the death of her mother.

The prophecy was fulfilled.—*Spiritual Telegraph and Fireside Preacher*.

TESTS IN PROPHETSTOWN, ILLINOIS.

We have only room for the following extract from a letter of a correspondent writing from Prophetstown, Illinois.

"Before closing, I will say a word in regard to my mediumship. From the earliest period of my recollection, I have been subject to spiritual influence, and manifestations have occurred which were termed presentiments, premonitions, &c., &c. About three years since, I was attending a circle as an idle spectator, when, from some cause unknown to me, or the other persons composing the circle, we were all showered with water, and an influence accompanied it which we were unable to resist, much less to account for. From that time until the present, however, I have been gradually, but surely, unfolding into the heaven-born truths of spiritual communion.

"One or two tests, as to the identity of this influence may not be amiss in closing this note.

"A lady of my acquaintance was presented to my vision three nights in succession, lying dead, with an infant by her side. I was told the particulars of her death by the Spirit in attendance. I informed my friends of my vision, and awaited the issue. The third morning I received intelligence from the attending physician that the vision, as related to my friends, was true in every particular.

"Again on the morning of February 3, about 3 o'clock, I was aroused by the touch of a Spirit hand upon my face, and the words 'Fire! fire! fire!' were spoken loud and distinct. I immediately arose, and discovered a barrel (containing ashes) in the adjoining yard on fire, and the wind blowing hard. Nothing but this timely admonition could have saved my sister's and my own house, they being but a few feet apart, and but limited advantages to be had from the use of water.

"Many tests of a real and substantial character might be enumerated, and which have been witnessed by many people of truth and veracity, and yet only think how many would not believe, though one should rise from the dead!

"It has been stated that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, yet in my case, in regard to the tests before mentioned the maxim does not hold good. It is a pleasant reflection to know that you have done some good, and that there are those who can appreciate your good acts and intentions. Yours, for the truth,

JULIA A. SUMNER."

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Nothing is farther off from the christian expectation of our New England communities, than the gift of tongues. So distant is their practical habit from any belief in the possible occurrence, that not even the question occurs to their thought. And yet, a very near christian friend, intelligent in the highest degree, and perfectly reliable to me as my right hand, who was present at a rather private, social gathering of christian disciples, assembled to converse and pray together, as in reference to some of the higher possibilities of christian sanctification, relates that after one of the brethren had been speaking, in a strain of discouraging self-accusation, another present shortly rose, with a strangely beaming look, and, fixing his eye on the confessing brother, broke out in a discourse of sounds, wholly unintelligible, though apparently a true language, accompanying the utterances with a very strange but peculiarly impressive gesture, such as he never made at any other time; coming finally to a kind of pause, and commencing again, as if at the same point, to go over in English, with exactly the same gestures what had just been said. It appeared to be an interpretation, and the matter of it was, a beautifully emphatic utterance of the great principle of self-renunciation, by which the desired victory over self is to be obtained. There had been no conversation respecting gifts of any kind, and no reference to their possibility. The instinct of prudence threw them on observing a general silence, and it is a curious fact that the public of H— have never, to this hour, been startled by so much as a rumour of the gift of tongues, neither has the name of the speaker been associated with so much as a surmise of the real or supposed fact, by which he would be, perhaps, unenviably distinguished. It has seen a great trial to him, to submit himself to this demonstration; which has recurred several times.—*Dr Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural*.

THE WORK OF HUMANITY.

We work for the good of each other,
And strengthen the weak and the frail;
The lowliest man is our brother,
And over the wrong must prevail.

We stand not aside self-exalted,
Crying—"I am more holy than thou,"
But strive with a spirit fraternal
To banish the clouds from his brow.

We work for our brother who wanders
In darkness, in gloom and in wrong;
We join with the angels to aid him,
And help his frail spirit along.

Oh, join with us, friends in the labour;
Let's work in the cause while we may;
Each one doing good to his neighbour,
All cheerily working away.

'Twill lighten the sorrows that gather
Above and around you in gloom;
Oh, work for the good of each other,
'Twill banish the fear of the tomb.

For oh, the immortals are coming
To rend the dark veil from the sky,
And mortals commune with the angels
Who live in the mansions on high.

MRS D. G. MENDENHALL.

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS ORTHODOXY.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—I feel a lively interest in the success of your paper, which I have taken in from its commencement, and also the *Spiritual Magazine*. I must confess I have felt pained by the extreme opinions advanced by some of your correspondents, as well as delighted and instructed by those of others; but no contribution to your columns has given me so much pain as the production of A. G. I can respect the man who offers an opinion on a given subject as *only an opinion*, however much it may stand out in opposition to my own views, but when we have an *assertion* made in the tone and spirit of your correspondent A. G., in direct reference, and in opposition to the fundamental principles of the Bible, which a very large portion of the population of this globe believe to be *divinely inspired truth*, and which I have believed as such from the days of early childhood, and which, in my providential position, I have, in my ignorance and simplicity, again taught my children (some of whom have now arrived at man's estate); and I have endeavoured, so far, successfully, to implant my own views of what I have hitherto believed to be *revealed truths*; so that, at present, there is very small hope of their leading unto the high philosophy taught in the school of A. G. But what is the philosophy of A. G.? If I read aright, one part of it is to deny the Bible, its character as a Divine Revelation. Mark his words:—"What is called revealed knowledge is no more infallible than any other, wherever it may purport to come from." Then we are, I suppose, to receive the above, not only as the mere opinion of A. G., but as an *indisputable and uncontrovertible truth*. Among the very many other points on which A. G. endeavours to enlighten us, I will only notice the following. He says the "Jews had strange opinions, and the inspiration of Jesus Christ and the Apostles was based upon some of them. They prophesied of 'the sun being turned into darkness,' and 'the moon into blood,' of the 'stars falling from heaven,' and 'the Heavens passing away with a great noise,' and 'the elements melting with fervent heat,' and whole heaps of such like nonsense, all founded on the Jewish fables. Now, the science of this day precludes all that kind of romance, and we look for a prophet now to speak sense." To which, in the language attributed to one of those old Jewish prophets, I emphatically exclaim, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come before his presence"—yes, I would willingly devote half of the very small leisure time I have at command to sit humbly at his feet to drink my fill of sound, sterling sense, though I fear, at present, that I shall not be able to vote for the election of your correspondent A. G. to fill the prophetic chair, notwithstanding he bids high for it, because I am a quaint fellow, that cannot throw my *old books*, and *our old Book*, in particular, *aside*. Nor can I allow any ruthless hand to cast them into oblivion without an attempt to save them from such a fate, for I love and venerate them for the happiness, *one* of them, in particular, ministered to me when wasting sickness for months confined me to my bed, and brought me to the portals of the spirit-world when far away from all that I hold dear in life. Never were old Books more precious. Yes, I read with unspeakable joy the (nonsensical) inspirations of Jesus Christ, who spake as never man spake, and also of the Apostles. And I cannot but think "the nonsense, founded," according to A. G., on "Jewish fables," first-class trash, and a "kind of romance" very delightful to read. I earnestly hope that the good old Book may be universally read, and its deep philosophy understood and felt by the entire human race, A. G. included; and the more it is fully understood, the wider, I believe, will be the spread of Spiritualism; but if Spiritualists are to be led by this new philosophy propounded by A. G., the Bible will soon be regarded by them as a book of fables, Christ and his glorious mission great delusions, and He an arch-hypocrite. Shall that climax come? As a zealous Spiritualist, in all fervour of spirit, I exclaim "God forbid!" I believe the office of Spiritualism has higher and nobler aims than that. Spiritualism has nothing to fear. The spirits of the mighty dead, the hosts of great and good men whose works for the truth will never perish while the English tongue is spoken, forbid it; yes, and the plain, outspoken Christian champions for the truth of Spiritualism, whose works are now before the world and their authors, to defend them from mistaken friends within the fold, and mistaken friends and foes without—*forbid it*. The other strong points of objection, which I have not time or the ability to handle as the case needs, I hope others of our friends will endeavour to treat in such a way as, I think, the case imperatively demands.

I mix largely in society both religious and secular, and I have been so far fortunate in being able to introduce the subject of Spiritualism among the various shades of belief held by the members of Methodist, Baptist, Independent, and the Established Churches, and I am happy to say that the manifestations witnessed by numbers of those friends at our own private seances have been delightfully interesting and satisfactory, and in only three instances have I met with unfavourable views: one friend thought the whole affair blasphemy, the other two thought it Satan himself.

I have felt it both my duty, and best calculated to serve our cause, to deal mildly and kindly with those friends who could not see with me. We have a powerful barrier in the prejudice of early education and other causes to contend with. We may urge the truth with all kindness, yet without the sacrifice of principle, or independence of thought. We have had commercial travellers, gentlemen connected with the press, local preachers, class leaders, a lady of position, a member of the Established Church, besides many private members of the different

churches, and I ask in all candour, can I present to such persons a paper containing such a letter as the one under consideration by A. G.? I know you are not responsible for the opinions of your correspondents, but can such letters be introduced without greatly damaging our cause? And again, is it fair to make your journal the vehicle of spreading the special and peculiar opinions of Spiritualists apart from Spiritualism? I think not.

Yours respectfully,

J. A.

[Desirous to give fair play to all, we open our columns for the free and full expression of the opinions of correspondents, but we do not see with the writer of the above, how he can question our right of giving space to the "special views of Spiritualists apart from Spiritualism." If we close out A. G. on J. A.'s principle, we must, to be consistent, exclude J. A. as well. But is it not better to allow the free expression of honest opinion on all sides? We find Spiritualism none the less true because men differ. If A. G. has a one-sided view, so has J. A.; we insert letters from both, ourselves differing from both. Had we an idea we were infallible, we should readily act the part of a Pope, and admit only our own views; then both A. G. and J. A. would never speak through the columns of the *Spiritual Times*.—ED.]

SUPPRESSED LETTER ON SPIRITUALISM.

Some years ago (in 1857), the *Times* newspaper obliged its readers and the public with some jocose remarks, in one of its leaders, on the subject of Spiritualism. With the characteristic fairness of that notorious "leader of public opinion," any reply or defence of the subject ridiculed was sure to be suppressed. Among many letters sent was the following, which may still be thought of sufficient interest for publication. Since it was written, and it is given unaltered, many interesting additions to the manifestations have resulted, yet what was then true, still remains true, and therefore should be placed on record. I wrote the letter but the next day, and sent it with my name and address, but the powerful gentlemen who preside in Printing House Square, and who could talk of the most awful of certainties—the future life—with flippancy, suggesting the employment of spirit-power for the purpose of fetching hats and canes from the passage, telling the future price of consols, &c., consigned my letter to the "Balaam box," and, no doubt, ultimately, to the waste paper dealer. I trust that my fellow Spiritualists will see that I have endeavoured to be both calm and impartial.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, August 11th, 1864.

SIR,—Your leader of Tuesday, May 5th, upon the subject of what is denominated Spiritualism, is opportune, and likely to submit to public opinion the nature of the facts, or presumed facts of the subject. As your journal is the index of that public opinion, I venture to ask for a little space in order to make a few observations in connection with the matter.

You have stated, among other things that Spiritualism has not been developed into any new forms. Your error thereupon, is rather owing to the limited published matter upon the subject than to any oversight on the part of yourself in reading the Yorkshire pamphlet in question. [The *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*.] There are many forms of Spirit-Intercourse, not new, indeed, because, in point of time, older than such forms recorded in the pages of the little periodical you have criticised, but which would be considered new were they as extensively known as the later and far less dignified forms of tapping and table-turning.

Refraining to descend into minuteness, the chief additional forms are:—

1. Spirit-writing—by which Spirits write, or are presumed to write, through the hands of certain individuals, without their volition being exercised.
2. Trance-speaking—by which Spirits speak through media, in a state similar to, but not identical with that of *clairvoyance*.
3. Spirit-impression—by which persons in their normal condition, write without premeditation, word for word, what is dictated to them by an intelligence presumably not their own.
4. Spirit-vision—in a normal condition, either without any intermediate means and directly into the atmosphere, as apparitions have been stated to be visible, or by certain other means, which I shall presently submit to your notice.

You say justly that Spiritualism "has been digested into a science, with its terms, its nomenclature, its inductions, and its rules." You might have gone further, and said that it had its *parties* and its *questions* as well. Like all movements having any vitality in them, Spiritualism is subjected to the attrition of party, and the ultimate elimination of certain principles in which all coincide. The quotations you have given in your leader are, no doubt, the best you find in the Yorkshire paper, but they are not in any way to be compared to those things which are unpublished, and most likely will so continue. I do not think that you infer rightly that that little paper is the *organ* of Spiritualism. It is known to but few, comparatively speaking, of the class who study the subject, and something better than this is required for the proper exponency of the facts.

You conclude with a challenge that the manifestations of Spirit-power should be applied to purposes of practical utility—such as, the foreseeing of the price of the funds three months hence—naming the winner of the next Derby—ascertaining the military operations of General Outram, or the particulars of the last massacre perpetrated by the order of the barbarian, YEU.

Passing over the doubtful advantage to the community, of foreseeing the operations of the Stock Exchange, or the Race course compromises, I am afraid that your challenge will not be accepted, not because, the things which you desire to be done *are impossible*, but because the persons who have convinced themselves, by experience, that Spirits

can and do communicate with mortals, seek from them knowledge of a far different and more elevated nature.

Impossible these things are not, for the present writer is aware that seven times out of eight, a *clairvoyant* has foretold the name of the winner of the Derby correctly, and that without a foreknowledge even of the names of the horses who were about to run. Impossible they are not, for it is an historical fact that Count Cagliostro did foretell, by certain arithmetical tables obtained from Spirits, the numbers of the lottery at Rome. Impossible they are not, for it is also known that, by *clairvoyance* and other modes, the fate of Sir John Franklin and the place of his death were offered to be communicated to the Admiralty, but declined as soon as the proposed means were made known to that Department.

I cite these few instances, not in any way as a proof that they will necessarily be offered again, but merely to show that what you desire as a test of the occult sciences is already recorded.

There is another reason, perhaps more powerful still, that spirits of a high order prohibit the use of knowledge so obtained, especially in the first two instances. I wish rather to add a few words upon the subject you have reviewed, particularly with reference to one of the last known forms of spirit-intercourse to which I have alluded above.

At page 466 of the translation of Baron Reichenbach's "*Odie Experiments*," edited by Dr Ashburner, you will find, that in some persons, in the proportion of about one in a thousand, a curious faculty is found—viz., that on their inspecting a glass, or a round vessel of water, or a round or oblong piece of rock crystal, it becomes to them clouded, and the images of little figures and places present themselves to the eye. There sometimes are the likenesses of individuals who can be recognized, sometimes, scenes well known to the seer, sometimes, and most frequently, scenes, distinct indeed, but unknown, and not to be identified, and last, sometimes professedly spiritual. Similar visions are obtained in mirrors expressly used for the purpose, and I may here mention one communication made to me by a Spirit, respecting Spiritualism, which I extract from my diary, in the words given by him:—

"(Sunday, March 8th, 1857.) It seems very desirable that Spiritualism should be placed before men in its true light, and made simple and easily to be understood by them, and yet showing the importance it has in connection with themselves."

And in another place, he says:

"There is a time approaching that would be most favourable for a lecture on Spiritualism to be given, and it must be shown in its true light, not as magic; not as workings in the dark, but as something natural, closely allied to the inscrutable works of Providence that are contained in man's own being; that it is simple as it is beautiful, and will bear any amount of investigation, only appearing brighter and clearer the more thought and the more intellect is brought to bear upon it."

Many persons would deny the fact *ab origine*, others set it down as an optical delusion, and very few would consider this faculty of vision worthy of scientific investigation. If the mere truth of the appearances be discovered, and credible witnesses, upon whose unsupported testimony a fellow-creature would be convicted and punished, are to be found in plenty, I would respectfully crave leave to draw the attention of scientific men thereto, that the reason may be ascertained. If it be a fact similar to our many, at present, unexplained wonders of science, there must be a scientific cause for it; if it be a hallucination, it is equally worthy of study, as furnishing, perchance, some key to the hidden mysteries of cerebral disorder and incipient insanity.

If it be neither, let it also be investigated, in order that the public generally may be made aware of its true nature, and the reason why it appears amongst us, accepted alike by the educated, and scientifically inductive mind, and the intuitive perception of the less well instructed classes of our population.

I have ventured to draw your attention to this faculty of vision, inasmuch as it seems to be nearer the domains of optical science, than other modes of what is called Spirit-intercourse; and also, as it is the least known portion of those occult phenomena.

I am ready, if necessary, to give any further information, and if any adequate scientific solution be possible, I shall be glad to receive it, but, until then, my common sense tells me I must remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,

A SPIRITUALIST.

DR NEWTON'S DEPARTURE.

We regret much to inform our readers that Dr Newton has, according to information received, set sail on his return voyage to America. We are very sure this announcement will cause astonishment to numerous persons not acquainted with spiritualistic phenomena, whilst to Spiritualists it must cause very deep disappointment. Dr Newton at first decided on staying a week in London. He then said he should only make a two days' stay. We endeavoured to prevail on him to remain amongst us at least long enough to enable proper arrangements to be made for the securing of a hall and advertising particulars. He said he was impressed to go home, that he regarded the present visit as a preliminary one, that he should return with his lady on a future occasion, and then he should be prepared to make a long stay. These are all the facts we know about the Doctor's movements since our last. Several friends have written to us desiring an interview with him. One friend suggests we should write a short biographical sketch of him and detail the principal cures effected by him. This we would willingly do had the Doctor remained with us multiplying cures in England. We write, not doubting the reported cures performed by him in America, but consider the purpose of Spiritualism would not now be benefited by simply detailing what has taken place 3000 miles over the sea. We had hoped weekly to have reported cases of healing which we or our friends could attest.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

LETTER IV.

On various theories and hypotheses invented to account for the phenomena of Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EMPIRE."

Sir,—Dr Rogers, of Boston, in his *Philosophy of Mysterious Agents Human and Mundane*, and Mr Travers Oldfield, in his *To Daimonion*, respectively adopt a theory of very formidable pretensions, which they support by a varied arrangement of facts, and by most elaborate and recondite arguments. They suppose that brain can act with or without mind, and that by acting in one way it evolves one class of the spiritual manifestations, and by acting in another way, it produces the other class. They assume that the brain can act automatically, and ask their readers to add to this automatic action of the brain the power of rapping and tipping at a distance, in order to account for one class of spiritual phenomena. Dr Kerner, they allege, states that Mrs Frederick Haufler, when in the magnetic sleep, could rap at a distance, producing a soft distinct sound; and Dr Binns mentions a gentleman who, in a dream, "pushed against a door in a distant house, so that those in the room were scarce able to resist the pressure." I can supply an additional and an analogous fact. A gentleman residing in Wollongong assures me that he was once washing his hands outside the door of his father's kitchen, when he saw, or thought that he saw, his step-mother approach, as if she meant to go into the kitchen. He drew back a little to get out of her way, and she passed him and did go into the kitchen. He perceived that she held a shoe and a stocking in her hand. As there was no egress from the kitchen but by the door, and as she did not come out of the kitchen, his curiosity became excited and he went into the kitchen to look for her but she was not there. This excited him still more, and then he ran into the house where he found her asleep in bed. His father was awake, and assured him that his stepmother had not risen from her bed on that evening. When awakened, she declared that she had dreamt that she went into the kitchen for the purpose of doing something there, and that she thought in her dream, that she had a shoe and stocking in her hand. The author of this story assures me that it actually occurred exactly as I have narrated it. When he first saw the phantom, he says that he felt in nowise excited, because he took the appearance to be his stepmother; but that when he found she did not come out of the kitchen, and was not in it, his curiosity became excited, and hence he went into his father's bedroom to satisfy his doubts. If the story be received as authentic, it affords an example of mind acting without brain, and may therefore be useful to the advocates of Dr Rogers' theory.

In order to account for another class of the manifestations, these writers assume that two human brains, placed at a great distance from each other, may become firmly meshed together by odylc threads, so as to form a double cerebral unit; the impressions of the stronger brain being communicated to and through the weaker. Thus, a brain situated in England can be placed *en rapport* with a brain in Australia, and can telegraph impressions across the globe, imparting information to and through the medium, which neither the medium nor any one in the circle could otherwise have any knowledge of. In this way events occurring in distant places may be accurately described, and sentences be spelled out, partly by the automatic action of the brain of the medium, and partly by the automatic agency of some co-efficient brain in a distant place. The hypothesis can be extended to past events by supposing them to have left a permanent impression on the all-pervading odylc medium. By this theory, all communications received through writing, tipping rapping, and speaking mediums are accounted for.

It seems strange that such a subtle thinker as Dr Rogers should not have perceived that the foundation of his hypothesis is incapable of proof. That automatic cerebral action, in the ordinary acceptation of of that term, does occur; may be admitted but that automatic cerebral action, in the sense in which that action is necessary to Dr Rogers' hypothesis, ever does occur, cannot be admitted without proof. What proof of the fact can be offered? Those who observe a printer set type, or a musician perform on an instrument, cannot see the consciousness of either the printer or the musician, and, consequently, cannot tell whether volition guides their muscles or not. The required proof must, therefore, be sought in the testimony of those who are supposed to act automatically. But they affirm that, although they do not think much about what they do, they, nevertheless, do think a little about it. I have spoken to several printers on the subject, and they assure me that whilst composing type they are not wholly unconscious of their actions. They think, and, indeed, are obliged to think more or less on the copy placed before them, and hence their performances are not purely automatic. Nor are the performances of musicians purely automatic. A *largetto* or *andante*, or cantabile movement, embracing *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages *ad libitum*, cannot be properly executed by a purely automatic player. The soul of the artist must preside over and direct every part of the performance. Besides, to suppose that a printer or a musician can give evidence as to the fact of his brain having acted automatically, is to suppose a contradiction; namely, that he was not conscious of performing certain actions, and yet was conscious that he was not conscious of performing them. If he was conscious of what he was doing his actions were not purely automatic; and if he was not conscious of what he was doing, then he cannot possibly remember whether his actions were automatic or not.

As the fundamental postulate in this theory does not admit of proof, the theory must consequently be valueless.

Nor have the authors of the theory satisfactorily established the fact that the human brain has the power of rapping at a distance. The facts mentioned by them are too few to be of much service. Perhaps, if we knew all the circumstances connected with these facts, they would admit of being explained in some other way.

We cannot be certain that Mrs Hauffe actually rapped on a distant body, nor can we be sure that the gentleman mentioned by Dr Binns pushed a distant door open in his dream. We want conclusive evidence, as to the certainty of these facts, before we can feel ourselves warranted to build a theory on them.

The assumption that truthful communications respecting contingent events can be rapped out automatically is extravagant, and borders on absurdity. For these reasons the hypothesis of cerebral automatic action is inadmissible.

The hypothesis of automatic mental action must share the same fate. On this hypothesis we can account for most of the phenomena which occur in the mind and body of the medium, but not for those which occur in connection with inanimate substances outside of the medium's influence. The raps, and the moving of inanimate bodies, as tests of power, though ridiculed and laughed at by the learned fools of the day constitute the most conclusive part of the evidence of spiritualism.

Spiritual phenomena are attributed by many to the agency of electricity. Nearly all those who adopt this hypothesis are ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of electric science. The electricity generated by the chemical processes of the animal economy is generally in too low a state of tension to pass through the dry skin of the hand, and hence it could never be imparted to a table by the mere imposition of hands on the surface of that table. Granting that it could pass from the hands of persons seated round a table to the table, it could not be retained there a moment, but would infallibly and inevitably escape, just as it would do from any other uninsulated body. The carpet on which the table stands, and the varnish on the surface of the table, would not produce insulation sufficient to effect the retention of electricity. Even supposing these difficulties overcome, the amount of electricity required to produce many of the wonders of spiritism, would exceed the producing power of all the electric machines in the world. The most powerful machines can only generate an attractive force, sufficient to attract light bodies. Ten thousand square feet of coated glass, nay, ten thousand acres of electrified cloud charged with a lightning bolt, sufficiently powerful to rend the proudest oak into fragments would not, by attractive force alone, raise a table ten pounds weight through one inch of space. We have the proof of this assertion, in the fact that thunder clouds of vast area, charged with electricity in its most intense state, pass across the heavens repeatedly and yet do not perceptibly attract even the lightest bodies on the surface of the earth. If a table could be charged with electricity, that force would become equally diffused over all parts of the charged body, in accordance with the well-known laws of electric distribution, and consequently all parts of the table would, in proportion to distance, exert an inductive influence on all surrounding bodies, and would develop in them an equal tendency to attract the table, and to be attracted by it; so that, as a result, the table would remain at rest. If, indeed, any body should chance to prove more attractive than another, it would be the earth; but this would tend to pull the table down rather than raise it up. Nor could electricity produce the sounds called "spirit raps," except by passing from one conductor to another through an interposed electric, such as the air; the transit, of course, being accompanied by the evolution of sparks and flashes of light. Finally, if it were possible to accumulate electricity in such large quantity as this hypothesis requires it would be dangerous for any animal organism to be in the apartment where the terrible accumulation had been stored. All these objections apply with still greater force to the assumption that thermoelectric, or voltaic currents, are the causes of the raps. In fact, there is not the slightest analogy between spirit manifestations and the ordinary phenomena included in the domain of electric science. Any one who doubts this assertion can easily satisfy himself by attending a circle, and using a gold leaf electroscope. Spirits may use electricity for their purpose, but electricity under the dominion of its own laws, is quite unable to produce spiritual phenomena.

Automatic action, expectant attention, dominant ideas, and pre-conscious thought have respectively enjoyed the reputation of producing spiritual phenomena. It is difficult to understand the precise ideas which these terms are meant to express. It is more than probable that many persons employ such terms in argument without clearly understanding their meaning. Spirit writing has been attributed to the action of pre-conscious thought combined with automatic action. I presume that those who advocate this theory suppose that the mind is first intensely active; that it then becomes comparatively quiescent; and that, in that quiescent state, it influences the muscles of the hand, and causes them to write out an answer to any question that may have been proposed for solution. It is quite possible that phenomena arising from this cause may be mixed up with the phenomena of spirit writing. Granting the truth of the hypothesis, therefore, for argument's sake it follows that the hand of the medium can never write out any ideas that have not existed previously or pre-consciously in the mind. How miserably this hypothesis fails to account for the communications which are made through writing media, I need not stay to determine. Granting it to be true, it will only serve to account for a few phenomena which are occasionally mixed up with the real phenomena of Spiritualism.

Automatic action, in the sense in which the word is generally employed, is that action of the muscles which results from previous training, and which is accompanied with but a very faint consciousness of volition. The muscles of the hand employed in writing perform their office automatically; so do the muscles of the legs in walking; so do the muscles of the larynx in singing. A violinist stops the notes on his instrument automatically; printers set type automatically; and tradesmen generally work at their respective avocations very much in the same sort of way. But, in the name of logic and philosophy, what light do these facts throw upon Spiritualism? or what possible connection can there be between the automatic action of the human muscles, and the production of raps on a table, or on the walls of an apartment?

Expectant attention and dominant ideas are played off as trump cards, by some of our philosophers. The arguments urged under these

heads are shallow, and so foreign to the real question at issue, that I shall not do more in this place than merely allude to them. Some people, not over-burdened with intellect, assure us, that the raps and cracks which Spiritualists say they hear, whilst attending seances, are merely sounds produced by disruptions occurring in the glue of the furniture of the apartment, owing to barometric and hygrometric changes in the atmosphere. This is the most stupid hypothesis of all. If admitted, it would lead to consequences of the most astounding character. A very slight stretch of thought will suffice to substantiate these assertions.

The intervals between sounds or cracks produced in wood, by changes in the weather, or by any other physical cause, must be either equal or unequal. There is no escape from this conclusion. Suppose that they are equal; suppose that each interval extends over five minutes; and suppose that the intervals between the sounds of the letters, as uttered by the person who calls over the alphabet, are exactly half the duration of the other set of intervals, that is to say, two and a half minutes each. With intervals so arranged, the first rap will be obtained at C, and the second at C, and so on for ever. Let the length of the intervals be changed in any way whatever, and the relation of one set of intervals to the other set be varied over so much, provided the pulses of each set be always of the same length, the only effect of change will be the removal of the rap from the letter C to some other letter. With equal beats between the two sets of sounds, we should never get more than one letter rapped at. But the raps frequently spell out long communications, comprising many sentences, and, therefore, the intervals between the raps that denote these letters cannot possibly be equal.

Now let us look at the other side of the hypothesis. Suppose that the intervals between the sounds are unequal, and that they vary from each other as much as possible, how can we account for the marvellous fact that words, and sentences, and paragraphs, and books, are slowly spelled out by means of these sounds? Let any one go into an upholsterer's shop, during the prevalence of a hot wind, and try if he can get even a single word spelled out by means of the cracks in the furniture. In short, the hypothesis is an absurdity of the grossest and most ridiculous character. We might as well believe that a case of type, flung at random into the air, would descend on the imposing stone in the form of an epic poem, or arranged into a treatise on fluxions, as believe that arbitrary sounds, produced by purely physical causes, could possibly indicate intelligible responses to the questions of intelligent beings.

Audible illusion is another stronghold of sceptics. The sense of vision has often been deceived; therefore, the senses of those who attest spiritual phenomena give deceptive evidence, and the attestors are consequently deluded. In short, we are not to believe our own eyes and ears, when they attest the existence of sights and sounds which are novel to the experience of others; but, on the contrary, are bound to regard these sights and sounds as subjective, hallucinatory, and phantasmal. Should the sights have been seen, or the sounds have been heard by fifty people at the same time, the whole of the witnesses may have been under the influence either of spectral, or of audible illusion, and, consequently, their testimony is valueless. Very well! Be it as the advocates of this theory wish. Let us apply and extend the principle of their hypothesis in our next letter.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. S.

Wollongong, May 19th, 1862.

UNPERCEIVED AGENTS.

Speaking of the thousands of unseen agents and influences that surround and meet us at every moment in life, the "N. Y. Chronicle" says:

"Let the reader sum up the influences that meet in the room where he sits with our paper in his hand. There in that room is first, the atmospheric air, with its oxygen, azote, carbon, hydrogen, and various gasses. There is the light, with its green, yellow, scarlet, violet, and various component elements. There is gravitation connecting that room with every orb of immensity, one cord of which binds it to the sun, another to the moon, another to the planets and satellites, and others still to the most distant stars which twinkle on the mantle of night. These cords of influence, meeting and twining into a complicated network, now pervade the very space where the reader peruses this article, thus connecting him, by invisible ties, to the whole frame-work of nature. There, besides, is electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and how many more agents we know not. An electrical machine would reveal electricity; a magnetic needle magnetism; and a galvanic battery galvanism. Yet none of these powerful agents around you make you sensible of their presence, except as you learn the fact by the discoveries of science. In the same room your mind exists, with its world of interests and sympathies, and the minds perhaps of your family and friends. Each one has in this same space, the passions, hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, aspirations, revulsions, and all the elements of distinct organic and spiritual life. Still the mind of each one is a sanctuary upon which the others cannot obtrude, except so far as he shall admit them to share the secrets of his bosom. Each one is also destined to an immortality of life; so that in this room where you are reading, are beings whose hopes grasp the infinite realities of a life to come, and connect them with the throne of God."

THE MEDIUMS. AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Mr Humphrey felt puzzled; what could be the intention of the spirits? did they wish to deceive him and his mother-in-law? or were the conditions still unfavourable? He took the pencil again and the words were written—

Draw the blind—we are preparing for manifestations.

Mr Humphrey went to the window and darkened the room again.

Mrs Peerless again took the pencil,—her hand trembled, and, to her surprise, some peculiar characters appeared on the paper. A gleam of satisfaction shot across the countenance of Mr Humphrey. "Now, write something I can read, please," said Mrs Peerless, she felt her hand forcibly moved, and when it was still again she read:—

Dear Mother, it is I, your Emily. I am delighted to commune with you; tell Father he must not be so sceptical; spirits are none the less about him because he does not see them with his physical eyes. I am happy, and want you to look to Jesus. Sit often, and I will come to you, dear mother, do not be alarmed, no harm can happen. I shall be near you in your lonely moments. God bless you.

"Amen," said Mrs Peerless, while tears ran down her cheeks. "Be comforted, mother, you have now found a lost daughter, even as I have found a lost wife." Mr Humphrey's words came from his heart, and almost brought tears to his eyes. Mrs Peerless realised fully the truth of his words—it is true she had not seen her daughter's spirit, and had only the visible writing before her—but she had other evidences. There came to her such a halo of blessing, such an impression of divine joy that she felt certain the communications were genuine. The two sat together some time in silence, Mr Humphrey, full of delight at the additional proof afforded of the truth of spirit-power in the lady, and Mrs Peerless too much engrossed with the marvellous realities of spirit-presence to allow her tongue to disturb the solemn stillness of her motherly reflections. These moments were indeed precious to the mother. She had been taught in the popular theological schools to look for no re-union of embodied spirit to disembodied spirit. Although she admitted the occasional re-appearances of the dead—she did not reconcile any idea of spiritual recognition and delight in such a way as they were now manifest to her. Her daughter Emily whom, she had deemed dead, was in reality living, that is her spirit, which was the immortal part of her. The consolatory reflection was with her that even here, in this "vale of tears," there was a chance of spiritual intercourse with her who had "gone before."

"Perhaps we shall obtain some further facts; let us try," and Mr Humphrey sat in a waiting mood, while Mrs Peerless followed his example.

"Had you not better hold a pencil and paper, mother?" he began, anxious for something of a more marked character than had as yet been seen. Mrs Peerless did as he desired. Only a few seconds, and then her hand was moved. It was evident the characters forming on the paper were not writing; her hand was guided in various directions. "What can they be doing, Charles? I declare my pencil is quite beyond my control, making some incongruous marks, I wonder what it will all turn out, I wish so I could understand it. Shall I forcibly stop?"

"Not by any means, let the spirits finish before you look at the paper."

She allowed her hand to be moved automatically for about ten minutes, still it was moving. Her patience was much taxed; still, owing to the pressure of Mr Humphrey's influence, she did not exercise the least resistance.

"Well, mother," said Mr Humphrey, as he advanced to the window to let in the light, "see what they have done."

Mrs Peerless exclaimed in an instant, with her eyes flashing with animation, "I declare, Charles, here is an exquisite rose; how very wonderful. Peerless will have something to explain if he settles this matter on imagination or psychology."

Charles was not long before he took the drawing to the light, and examined it with all the interest of a connoisseur.

"It is a most perfect resemblance of the actual flower."

"How very extraordinary," exclaimed the lady, still full of wonder at the fact; "can you understand how spirits operate to produce such marvels?"

"I must confess, good mother, I cannot. All I am satisfied about at present, is the fact that such things are produced; the exact *modus operandi* I am utterly ignorant of."

"How very strange to be sure; I wonder what spirit could influence my hand to sketch that rose?"

"Let us ask," said Mr Humphrey, advancing once more to the table. He took a pencil, and holding it in readiness on a piece of paper, said—"Please inform us of the name of the spirit who drew the rose?" The reply came.

Agatha Josephine.

Mrs Peerless started. "Agatha Josephine!" she echoed—"she was my old and most valued school mate, but it is now many years since I have even thought of her."

"But could she draw when she was at school, do you remember?"

"Oh, yes, she had a natural genius for drawing and painting, and now I recollect she was always fond of sketching small objects such as flowers."

"The riddle is unravelled; your old schoolfellow, like your daughter, is with you at times. Here is a discovery; you need no longer be solitary, you can treasure the secrets of your medium-gift, and devote hours to the production of drawings. Do you not feel proud now, good mother, that I came to test your mediumship?"

"I must confess now I know that Agatha Josephine comes to me and draws through my hand, I feel less terror at the idea of spirit-intercourse than I did. I am now doubly convinced I held actual intercourse with Emily. What marvels are dawning upon us? Do you know I think some new dispensation of God's power is about to come out of these phenomena; but how very difficult must your task be, Charles, if you persist in entering upon your missionary work."

"Well, well, you know I am a resolute man, and owe perhaps most of my success in life to that fact. I never undertake a task without determining on success. If I do not succeed it shall not be for lack either of courage or perseverance. Depend upon it, there's success in store for me, or I should not have been favoured with the spirit injunctions urging me to plead the cause of Spiritualism."

Mrs Peerless admired the enthusiasm and noble determination of her son-in-law, but she feared his health and happiness would be sorely taxed in the conflict with popular prejudices. But there was no use in wasting words, she knew him too well not to know his word was enough in the matter. The world was before him, the battle *must* be fought; all she could do was to sympathise with him, and pray for his success.

As for Mr Humphrey he had that day received new facts for his mission; he was only the more elated. He decided at once to waste no more time, but would the next day discuss to himself what he should do first and where go.

When he reached home he found Margaret there; she had just returned from London. After her master was fairly rested the girl was in his presence.

"Well, Margaret, you have seen your brother?" said Mr Humphrey kindly, with curiosity in his tone.

"Yes sir, I got to London just in time to save him from jail," she replied, the tears almost starting into her eyes, and her cheeks reddening.

"Come, tell me all about him; don't be afraid, I may be of service both to yourself and him. What has he been doing?"

"Oh, sir, I am ashamed to say, for he's *my* brother."

(To be continued in our next.)

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